



A Shiny Dark Place

Haneen Rezq

Short Story Collection

To Caleb Panesi Bahr, the one who showed me that anything is possible, Thank you. To each and every soul who believed in me, Thank you, for being supportive of me.

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List

- i) The Righteous Peasant
- ii) The Barking Dogs
- iii) The Man With Rifle
- iv) Long Gone
- v) Vario
- vi) Frozen
- vii) Theo, The Lost soul
- viii) Zadina And The Prophecy
- ix) Dr. Yoktan Found a friend
- x) Adrian And The Guard
- xi) The Many Lives Of Nayri
- xii) Merano, The Evil Spirit
- xiii) Galansia
- xiv) Unfamiliarity

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Author's Note

I have lived my whole life seeking hopeful moments, looking for a place where I felt I can do and accomplish what I have set my mind on, I would fail and fail, but I would never stop doing what I thought was right, and I will never stop. Most of my stories portray the theme of hope in life, how to be hopeful even when life is not treating you the best, how to be confident in the goals you have and how to be strong better yet happy doing what you love hopefully.

The Righteous Peasant

I read about him in a fantasy bed time story, he wasn't the charming prince but the righteous peasant, he made me want to find out more about his every little life detail, I knew he was honest and true, I wanted to talk to him, I wanted to set him free, I wanted to fly with him somewhere no one else can tell us what to do, I wanted him to feel me. He wasn't what I thought he would be, he was a summer night's breeze and a seashore filled with pebbles, his eyes were brown like the great mountains of Alps on a spring day, big, brown and beautiful. He was so quiet , when he breathed snow fell down on a field filled with daffodils,

like a lullaby sung to a soldier, or like a mom singing to her child as calm as the night ,he smiled and started singing , his voice shattered but still sang wonderfully, so warm and filled with love, his voice healed the broken , fixed the damaged and made the flowers dance, he wasn't what I ever thought he would be, he was only a righteous peasant with a guitar in his hand and a sad smile on his face.

I saw him in my dreams , he told me to be strong and fearless, he said he will always watch over me, I asked for his name, but I was already awake when he told me, I looked for him and kept looking, He was always there , but couldn't get a grip of him, he helped me sleep better by singing to me, made me happier by looking at me, gave me hope and so much love, I have finally found him, he is all mine now, he taught me how to ride a horse and how to use a sword, it was always safe being around him, I was

always happy being with him.

He said he had wrote me something, he started reading from a scrap of paper, I listened so passionately to every word he said “Like the waters of the ocean, you are the flood that has so much love and that will eventually drown me, you are the sun that will burn me and the sun that will save my soul, like Icarus who loved the sun so much that he died trying to reach her, you are the trouble that I want to be in, the hand I want to hold and the war I'm willing to go through, you are so compassionate and you are the first kiss on a new born baby's skin it'll kill or cure, you'll never know”!

He held my hand that day, it was his last day in the castle, he told me he will be sent to fight the war, he said he'd be back and would bring me a thousand roses, he sang me one last song and told me he loved me, I held him close to my heart and kissed him,

it was time for him to go now, so we parted ways, “Emmanuel, my name is Emmanuel” he said and kept walking towards the city.

The Barking Dogs

Fearful the night was, the sky was so dark and filled with clouds, it was so silent as if it's the end of the world. Dogs barked and there was no one left to feed them, they're often fed anything or anyone well, they needed food after all, aren't they wretched creatures too?

Why am I here , why do I have To listen to this? She thought while she looked from the window ,why do I have to be in a world where all I hear is dogs barking, over and over again, they won't stop until they are fed, she sometimes thought of cutting her bones off to feed them, she'll toss a corpse out of the window just so they'll stop that awful noise that sad and horrible.

She looked at the fog the next morning, she thought that it was so strange it's too suspicious, it had no place it was worthless

and useless , all it did was being misguided and mischievous she thought of a way to make it disappear for it made her so angry ,it was as indecisive as she was, didn't know whether to go or stay, to do or don't , to say the things she was meant to say, she didn't know what was something so much like her doing outside and then she closed the curtains and went out.

It was night again she was home before the dogs started barking because she knew if she saw them she'll have to close her ears all the way up the hill for she knew she's too afraid of something so fragile yet aggressive. She turned on the music and started to sing along the songs, she just wanted an escape that's all. she wanted to feel the words and the rhythm, she had other interpretations for every song she heard , every book she read and every movie she had seen.

She went out the next day , the sun was

getting ready to brightening up the day, she took a deep breath and shuffled her playlist starting with her favorite song, well among other ten more favorites, she spend her day wondering whether should she listen to all the dogs barking again that night or just flow her heart, she wanted to flow her heart for she knew it will lead her to the right place, it was getting late she thought so she put her books in her pack and started running home.

As she was running she kept thinking of the dogs, they were stray and lonely maybe all they needed was more attention or perhaps just love, or maybe she was thinking too much, she thought of her lonely nights again, she was so lonely yet the happiest, she was almost home and could hear all the dogs barking again, she didn't think of running anymore, she thought she could do something once and for all, she got closer and closer, got on her knees and then she

stood up, she threw the dogs a long stick and they all followed it, they no longer barked and she was happy again, it looks these dogs only needed attention after all but she still managed to lock them all away, and so she threw the stick to the sea, deep down in the blue sea, it was too dark for them to be back now.

The Man With The Rifle

He stands still with the same pose every single night holding his rifle shooting everything that breathes, try running away he will find you either way, the train drifts away , you will die, the trees fall down, you will die, the sun is burning , you will die, he is here,he is there, he will find a way ,he will find a way, it's pouring rain, you will die.

Still looking for someone to kill, still trying to find a breathing soul, holding his rifle on his shoulder , kills the civilian and the soldier, the old and the young, men and women , the hero and the villain , if the plague won't kill you, his rifle will, if suicide won't kill you, his rifle will, if your mom won't kill you, his rifle sure will, he looks at you with sorrowful eyes that once you get to look at them you won't see the

light.

He stares at you at the middle of the night when it's too dark and cold with the feeling of regret you cannot help but feel bad for him then you look at him, try to touch him , as you pull him closer, it gets warm the more you get close to him, you turn the light on and as he turns around, you die! The man with the rifle kills the poor and the rich , he's merciless , he's all you think of when you say the word evil, evil is an overrated word for it all means evil, but he's more evil than evil, yet he listens to the man in the sky, he says and does everything the man in the sky asks him to, but it's too unfair that he chose his own path and stopped listening to the man in the sky. Don't you think so?

You cannot help but sense the feeling of death the more you look closely at him, you want to fight him , but you're so helpless, he's a part of you after all, how can you not be weak and fragile in his presence? So you pull your knife out try to stab him , get so close to him and feel his breaths on your skin, you take two steps back and put your knife back , he comes closer tries to get you weaker, you pull your knife again and you finally decide to stab him and once you do you start bleeding and fall restlessly on the cold floor and you die.

Long Gone

So many things she could have said that night, but she ended up saying nothing. Always trapped she was, in between what her heart tells her to say and what her mind tells her to do, she said love was the answer, well John Lennon said so, but she always loved to quote whatever gibberish he said, love was the answer but what was the question really?

She could have come up with million different answers she still couldn't say a thing, she thought it was a bit harsh to say all you need to say at once and never really give it a moment to think of it, because if she had words that the widest seas speak, all the birds in the biggest skies , the leaves on the trees and the sands of all the deserts if

she had them speak the language of what she could have said that day then maybe he wouldn't leave once and for all.

Strange and obscure love was, she thought as she held those letters , she couldn't really help but to sing one of her favorite tunes by Simon and Garfunkel she chanted the last words of that one sad song by them that goes out like this : "A love once new has now grown old" It was brave of her to listen to these songs again, she thought the whole industry of music was made to bring back memories, but it wasn't fair that she was the one to cry, was it?

She set the letters on fire as she sang those words again, at least fire would understand all the visions she's been having ,wouldn't it? At last she managed to stop crying stood on her feet and started writing again, now that he was gone it was almost impossible to find something quite worth writing about, it wasn't sad she thought in fact it was more

cruel than ever sad, but life has always been cruel so what difference does it make?

It's been months since he's been gone , it wasn't easy , it was unfairly bearable but at least now it was time to move on, to live better and to meet someone new, someone who wold understand. She went to the same place everyday for weeks , there was hardly anyone there , it was better for she always enjoyed quiet places she looked up to the skies and it was about to rain , she thought she should stay and enjoy the rain falling down her hair for she thought it has the power to purify the soul.

She turned around to find someone staring at her, she couldn't see who was it , but he looked familiar , as she got close to him she knew it was him , but he is gone, how can he be here she thought, but she still ran to him and gave him the biggest hug, he smiled and kept her hands in his as they both left, he knew she loved him no matter

what, it was all in her head.

Vario

On the dark side of the world a young boy named Vario lived in the darkness , in the depth of the jungles and deep down in the darkest caves, he would travel constantly , because he had a rare condition that makes him bored of each and everything he sees within a short period of time, Vario had to travel a lot in order not to go blind, his disease makes him go blind if he looked at the same things for a long time, it never really did bother him , but he kept thinking about the fact that he always has to see new things and never for once get used to them. On the bright side of the world there was a black rose in a field filled with only flowers she was always excited and she loved to sing loudly to the stars, all of her friends the other beautiful flowers liked her and loved

the way she looked, but whenever people came close to the flower field they would only choose the flowers of the brightest colors, because nobody wanted a black rose who they thought would be a bad omen, the black rose cried at night because most of her flower friends were gone, one by one, and because nobody wanted her.

“I am not as beautiful as all of you, I do not smell as good as a rose should smell like”

The black rose said to herself while weeping in agony, but that never actually stopped her from singing to the stars, but the fact that all the people would pick the other flowers over her still made her sad and lonely, the other flowers were all sleeping , because it was dark, she heard a voice from far away , she pretended to be asleep because she was afraid, but the voice came closer and said in a soft whisper “I am here, I am finally here, How long will it take this time to forget about all this?”

Vario was in the flower field that night and was so happy he could be some place where the sun shines again, he looked at the flowers while the sun was making love to the universe, and the way the stars felt so close to the sun as if they were cuddling, Vario was so thrilled to be in this place but soon he was bored again, he was afraid that he might go blind so he closed his eyes and prayed for the night to come again.

The black rose was confused that someone would pray for the night to come instead of waiting for the day impatiently, but she soon saw him opening his eyes and thanking the stars that it was night again and he was not bored yet, the black rose could not help but ask for his name, and so he did, they kept talking and talking and it was going great as they spoke for hours and hours without Vario being afraid to lose his sight and the black rose was happy that someone finally wanted to talk to her Vario

was even more happy that he found someone who could help him see the world better again, happy, colorful and shining through the black rose's own eyes.

Vario kept going back to the flower field that one place that could never get bored of, he told the black rose that he will always keep her company and will not leave her alone , the black rose was still joyful and she thought she will always feel like this around Vario and so she decided to give him one of her black sparkling petals, she wanted to give him a part of her so he won't forget the time that they had together.

The black rose gave Vario the petal that night and he accepted her gift with pleasure and thanked her for it, she kept plucking her petals one by one to give to Vario and he was never bored , instead he was cheerful , he kept giving her love and she kept him happy, until one day the black

rose had only one petal left and was too afraid to pluck that one last petal to give to Vario , thinking that he would have to move from the flower field again and might even lose his sight without her.

Vario came to visit the black rose , he told her about the dreams he had of her and all the visions he always had and ended up being true, he told her that some black raven was roaming around the flower field , he said that he had to take something that belonged to him, but Vario did not know what that was, he missed the black rose so much that he sometimes came up with fake funny stories just to talk to her.

They kept talking that night and the moon was looking rather sad and gloomy, but still shined and lit up the sky, it was a bit chilly, the black rose plucked her last petal and gave it to Vario and then she went quiet and no one could hear her talk anymore, Vario thought she was sleeping, but knew that she would never sleep when he was around , he came close to give her one last hug and sobbed until the morning came, he opened up his eyes and it was dark, he couldn't see the sun or the flowers around him, he then knew that it wasn't because he was bored he would lose his sight , it was because he lost the black rose and that broke his heart and left him in tears.

Frozen

3:45 in the morning a voice tells you to get up. “Come with me” it says , “I am not going to hurt you”, but you felt like it would hurt you so you stayed in bed, closed your eyes until the morning came and never talked about this again to any soul.

7:06 in the morning. It's here again, but this time you can actually see it, you can't tell what it is, but you still can see a figure talking to you telling you to get up. “Come with me, reach out to me, I am not going to hurt you” it says.

11:45 pm someone knocks six times on your door, you wonder who could it be at this late hour in such cold evening, you get up and answer the door but there is no one, it

looks like someone is whispering but you can barely hear so you open the door and it's the same figure, something you can recognize and you have seen before, but still can't tell what it is, this time it grabs you by the wrist and scratches some kind of symbols on your arm, you try to runaway but it holds you still and you can't move , your arm is bleeding you look in the mirror once it finally decided to let you go and try reading what's it says, it is more obvious, it says "come with me"

1:33 in the morning, it's new year's evening and you're all alone, had plans with a redhead girl from the diner but she bailed on you, now it is boring having to watch the countdown all by yourself , but what else to do? Your life has already been lonely. It is raining cats and dogs outside, the neighbors are all out , except for that old man with his dog who has no one to go out to or with, at least he has a dog, right?

Again a voice in your head is talking to you, it gets louder and louder every time you try to turn it down, because you know what it will say, and you know exactly what it means.

9:50 in the evening, it's almost time for bed, but you don't want the voices and the figures to haunt you again so you turn the music on and try to sleep, but it's no use because you can already see the shadows and the echoes coming closer to you, it's coming, it's here and you already know what's it going to say "come with me" now you have no choice but to go it has to end here, you ask the voice about the thing you will be next and it says: "you, you will always be you, come with me and you shall see for yourself.

Theo, The lost Soul

He was destined to live alone, to die alone and to never see the light in his lonely life, that's how Theo lived his whole life, lonely and miserable, he'd wake up after the sun has set and sleep when the sun rise, Theo had no friends and no family, but he wanted to be left alone, he wanted to be lonely.

He lived in an old cabin in a top of a mountain, where lightening blinded him and thunder made his ears bleed, he still loved being alone, until the moment he met a Banshee, that's when his entire life changed, that's when he decided he wanted to live happy with someone, he wanted to be loved for once.

Theo made the banshee feel like she's home, so he made her tea and biscuits everyday, she said nothing, but kept screaming at

night, every time she screams someone Theo knows in town dies, Theo felt sad the banshee had to keep screaming, but Theo still felt for these people, but it wasn't her fault so it was okay he thought.

The banshee had red, long hair and a white dress , she had blue eyes that the skies were jealous of them, her teeth were coral white and her hands had a rare birthmark that said her name "Dya". Her name was as beautiful as she was, but her face was pale and she was always sad, Theo wanted to be her lover and wanted to be loved by her.

Dya hated the fact that she was always screaming and killing people, but she was only warning them of the time they had left, she sees through people, she sees who dies and screams her lungs out as a last warning , she saw through Theo's eyes and felt the pain he was feeling, and the loneliness he went through, not having a family ,

and not even having one friend to lean on
and to be

sad with sure would make you feel like
dying.

She came close to him that night , she
leaned on and kissed him, her lips had so
much love and affection, Theo woke up and
cried while he was kissing her back, he felt
his heart bursting and his hands shaking,
Dya held his hands and kissed them, she
whispered in his ears soft words of passion
and moist care as she called it , she softly
said “don't be afraid Theo, You're here with
me Theo , You're mine”

Theo and Dya woke up the next day feeling
so many things, that it was almost hard to
express how they were feeling, but still
loved waking up next to each other, Dya
got up first and put her clothes on as Theo
was still in bed thinking about her and her
hair that smelled like love and a bit like the
sea, she looked through the window, it was

so bright, she closed the curtains and sat on the side of the bed, she then started getting visions of her new victim, someone was going to die next, she was so sad that someone else is going to die, she closed her eyes to scream so she can get it over with, she just wanted the pain she felt of her screaming to go away, but then saw the next victim, Theo! she screamed.

The banshee was crying and Theo was lying there with his eyes closed and his warm body that once was warm getting colder and colder, he won't wake up now, she was feeling horrible that she had to witness her lover's death, right in front of her, she took a briefcase with all Theo's clothes and threw them into the river, the sky cried with her that day, Dya was crying and the sky was crying too, life felt so grey and it was time for her to witness more deaths, and to scream more , but this time all alone like it was before, without him, without

Theo.

Zadina And The Prophecy

In a faraway little village where all people dance happily together whenever something good happens and when something bad happens too, dancing was a catharsis after all so they dance their sadness and sorrow away. Names are given according to certain features and virtues in a person that can easily be figured out as soon as they are born. Newborns are taken to a woman who was a magus who knew about the world magically, by a sign or a scar, by the sound in their voices, by a glow in their eyes or by the thoughts in their heads that symbolizes both vices and virtues.

The woman who knew what the names meant, the woman who would grant people

names, owned a shop in that village she was called Zadina, her name was a mystery itself, it had so many different meanings, one of them was the lady who climbs the hills , another one was futility , she enjoyed finding new meaning to newborns and to whoever wanted to know the future.

Zadina was the woman of the desert , she was a black-eyed witch who had the whole world's secrets in her hands, her lashes were like thorns, if she sensed danger they would blink as fast as they could and fly objects away, sometimes they leave scars and cuts on people's faces if people were harmful, but Zadina knew how to control them.

A woman was to give birth that day, it was about dawn time, when roosters usually declare the beginning of a long day , Zadina already knew about the newborn for she had visions about him and his name was ready to be crowned to him, she was just

waiting for him to be taken to her, to see how true her visions were, when his family brought him Zadina felt so powerful, she looked at him and stared , she shed tears because it was him who she waited long for.

The boy's name was chosen it was

“Mohasus” the prophecy talked about Mohasus in every book, and people told stories about how he is the chosen one and how he'll be the savior of the world. Zadina kept the baby with her and told his parents not to tell anyone about Mohasus, she said that it was a shame that the people will conspire against him and her and will try to kill them, so she kept Mohasus a secret from everyone.

Mohasus rode horses and was a good “faris” which is the Arabic word for knight, he had long braids and a lot of moles, his eyes were so dark and loving, his face was warm and he was generous, he was tall and was outspoken, he was brave and caring too.

His parents left the world now and he had to live with Zadina, she took good care of him, she was like a savior to him, he is all grown up now, she raised him well, she was the perfect idea of a mother. Nobody knew the secret of Mohasus as Zadina kept it all her life.

People in town felt something was strange about Zadina and Mohasus, they all knew that Zadina had no children so they thought he might be her lover, they thought it was wrong for a woman to keep a man who isn't a kin of some sort in her house, so they started talking and talking everyday about how wrong the things she was doing, they tried to come up with ways to throw her out of town, they tried to conspire against her and Mohasus, she was okay with it , because she knew the prophecy.

Later that evening Zadina's lashes were blinking so fast as she was sleeping, she felt danger ,she woke up, Mohasus was asleep so she didn't wake him up, she heard people whispering outside , and she smelled smoke, she finally woke Mohasus up and told him to run from the back door, but he said he won't leave without her, he waited, the people wrecked the house and broke the door , they had torches and stones, they started throwing Zadina and Mohasus with stones, and with fire, the blood in their veins was boiling with anger and resentment, “what are two grown up man and woman doing this late at night” one said, “why don't we just burn them to ashes” another said, “have you been doing what a husband and wife doing without even being married” the last one said, Zadina couldn't take it so she let her lashes take care of it.

She was a witch , she knew how to cast spells on people but that night she didn't do a thing, she took Mohasus and ran away to a safer place, Mohasus wanted to know what was the problem, he wanted to feel like he was doing the right thing, he asked Zadina about all of this, and she told him about the prophecy, all of it, Mohasus was trembling with fear and excitement, he was the chosen one and Zadina helped him figure out who he was, he was grateful for Zadina, and Zadina knew what was coming up so she wasn't afraid, she kissed Mohasus on the forehead and told him how much of a good person he is and will always be, she told him not to be afraid and to be brave, be always brave, Mohasus was ready for this journey and so was Zadina, they fell asleep on the dunes of the desert and waited patiently for tomorrow.

Tomorrow seemed so far away, Zadina and Mohasus have been walking for seven

years , and tomorrow is no where to be found, “Zadina, how long do we have to walk , how long will it take to reach our destination?” asked Mohasus, “do not worry , it will take enough time, we are almost there” said Zadina. Mohasus was a man now, he learned how to ride camels and horses, how to talk to people and how to preach and advice them, he was a mature man of twenty eight years of age, every year would pass Mohasus would ask Zadina how old is she , little that he know that she turned thirty once and stayed the same ever since.

They spend another night in a tent, in the middle of the desert away from everyone, they set up a tent close to a well where they can reach water to drink, Mohasus finished setting up the tent and went in while Zadina was sleeping, he noticed how peacefully she slept and how the sounds of her breaths soothed him, he put his arm

under her head , he took a deep breath and released it quietly, watched the stars and Zadina at the same time , then finally fell asleep.

“Wake up Mohasus, it's daylight, we have to be there by nightfall” said Zadina while she was rubbing her eyes, Mohasus was finally awake, he felt her warm body next to him and wanted to hold her close to his arms, Zadina felt the desire in his eyes , she came closer and kissed him, he felt her warm breath on his chin, his lips and the tip of his tongue, pulled her closer and kissed her again, Zadina felt his love for her, she took a deep breath and went quiet for a while,

“I am completely and utterly in love with you Zadina, You made me who I am today, I want you to be with me always, I promise I won't let you down, I want you in my life, I want to continue this life journey with you, I love you deeply” said Mohasus while

one hand was on Zadina's lips and the other was on her hair, "We have a long way to go Mohasus, you know this won't be easy, you know how many people would plot against us, don't you?" said Zadina, "but at least we're together, at least we have each other, remember what you said about knowing that god is with us?, that no matter how hard things may get they will eventually better than they used to be? remember? You said these things yourself Zadina" said Mohasus. "Yes Mohasus I know, I know I said these things and I absolutely believe they are true, we will get through this and I know what I feel about you is so much more than love Mohasus, I want you in my life as much as you want me and more, I always wanted you, I love you Mohasus, this is what I want, You are what I want" said Zadina while tears were on her red rosy cheeks, they were more than happy to experience love, there won't be any greater

feeling than love, love was in the air, they kept looking at each other's eyes and then they held hands and looked at the stars , they lit a fire as the night was slowly falling , even though the heat of their own bodies was more than enough to keep them warm, they talked about their next journey together and all the things they will do in the future, they got in the tent and slept, they have their whole life ahead of them tomorrow, and another tomorrow to come.

Dr.Yoktan Found a Friend

Dr. Noel Yoktan was one of the greatest therapist of his era, some say that he had helped soldiers recover their traumatic experiences after World War one, he would listen to his patients endlessly and everyone loved his ways of making the world a better place, according to them, he was their companion and life savior, their best friend and part of family. To him, they were just patients who he needed to get rid of their overplayed life songs as he always said. People would line up just to get a simple advice from Dr. Yoktan, he was always ready to get new patients from all over the country as it made him more rich and hundred times greedy. A new appointment was scheduled early that Monday, his new patient was a teenage boy , Dr. Yoktan welcomed him and asked him if he'd drink something, “as long as it's non-alcoholic”

the boy said with a smirk on his face, “my mom told me not to drink” said the boy again, Dr. Yoktan didn't mean it that way, but still didn't explain himself.

“How often do you talk to your dead sister Shane”? Dr. Yoktan asked the teenage boy, he said not more than five times a day, “and what do you think she wants”? Dr. Yoktan asked him again, “I don't know, she speaks a total different language, she speaks a language I don't understand, but she keeps pointing down to the basement, you think something might be there”? I don't know Shane, how about you tell me? “Well my mom says we shouldn't go down there, plus it's always locked”, Shane said with a grin on his face, “Do you have any secrets Shane”? Asked Dr. Yoktan, “No, should I have secrets”? Shane Said angrily, “let's practice breathing in and out at the count of three Shane, come on work with me”, Dr. Yoktan said, “fine. uno, dos, tres” Shane

shouted, “but I said on my count Shane, remember”? Dr. Yoktan said while adjusting his tie to make it look more formal, “well, we all are one, Mister, aren't we all”? Shane said while sniffing the dust off the table. “We are” Dr. Yoktan said. Shane took a deep breath as if the oxygen would disappear from planet earth, and slowly released it, Mr. Yoktan was so annoyed that it took Shane more time to do the things he asked of him, but as long as he'll be paid, that all he cared about. "Good job, young man, that is a good start" Dr. Yoktan said quietly disturbed. Shane was sure he found the right person to share everything with, because he was always a loner who no one showed a bit of interest in.

Shane was always the less loved in his family, he was a young man of fifteen years of age, he had a soft glossy black hair that covered his eyes, a beautiful pair of honey

brown eyes and freckles on his cheeks, Shane was a normal teenager with anger management issues and other various issues including abandonment, that's why he choose Doctor Yoktan , because he knew how many people he had helped and knew exactly that he will be his only companion. Dr.Yoktan was getting ready for his last two sessions with Shane, he was thinking about all the time he would be beaten with a baseball bat every time he would ask his dad for a birthday wish, he looked through the window and it was pouring rain, he was suddenly hiding underneath the table while his dad was yelling and calling out for him, “he said he won't hurt me, maybe I should go see what he wants”. No! Have you lost your mind! How many times had he lied before? Do you really think he won't hurt you”? Noel was talking to himself and having a hard time deciding whether to go or not, but his dad had already found him

by then , and then smacked him again. The door slammed really hard and it was Shane. Shane saw Dr.Yoktan crying, he asked him if he could help, but Dr.Yoktan told him that it was his job to treat people and not be treated by them and then Shane stopped talking, today's session was about Shane's sister who he still sees after she was murdered, "has anything new happened today Shane"? Dr.Yoktan asked, "in a matter of a fact , yes , today I went down to the basement, it was old and rusty, it was full of dust too, you won't believe who I found there" Shane said, "who"? Dr.Yoktan asked, "Julia, my sister, she was lying there , I asked her if she was happy, she said she was, but I didn't believe her, because how can someone whose life was taken from them by force be happy Doctor"? "I know sometimes life is painful Shane, I know how much you cared about your sister and how good she was to you, I promise you, there

are more good people than you think there is in life, I can be here for you too, Shane , just remember that I'm here for you”

Dr.Yoktan said passionately. “Thanks Doc, I always know how much of a good person you are, that's why I handpicked you myself, but now let's talk about you, why were you crying when I came, whoa! wait , was it because you missed me this much? I mean sure I am this fun to hang out with”

Dr.Yoktan smiled and said it was family issues, “my dad wasn't a great dad to me, or to any of my siblings, but luckily I had a better life, my mom remarried another man who was better than my dad, he taught me how to be proud of the person I am, taught me how to be strong and patient , I am so grateful for him.

Dr.Yoktan was as happy as ever when Shane came the other day, he thought he finally had someone real to talk to, someone who actually care. Shane came in and they

started talking about how life would be in few years, what would stay the same and what would change, they both agreed on the fact that people hearts were still warm and life has so many good people who are willing to help and make you feel like you belong, and even if the bad people in the world made you feel like you can't do anything ,or tried to bring your hopes down and made it so hard for you , but as long as you have someone to cheer you up , someone to help you up when you fall down and someone who you know they care, “like you Dr.Yoktan” Shane said, then nothing can drag you down.

Adrian And The Guard

The sun was setting in the sky, dusk came in slowly and it got darker and darker, the only place that felt the safest in this haunted town was the morgue, at least it had four walls and a door! In the morgue worked a lonely man -who had no friends but the night- as a guard, a friend of his recommended him this job to keep his company and to save him from the loneliness that was killing him.

His first day working was peaceful, he took the night shift where it's all dark and terrifying, where all you see is the shadows that look like corpses, dead bodies all around you and the only thing you hear is the last breathes of a dead old man who was shot in the head by a Nazi soldier in World War Two.

The morgue was empty as usual that one cold rainy night , thunder shook the trees

and was loud enough to scare animals away and lightening lit up the lonely damp sky, he heard the thunder screaming and howling out, he turned off his music to go check what happened to his car outside, thinking that something bad might have happened to it.

He saw a man from far away, but could not see clearly, he held up his torch and tried to turn it on but was so slippery so it slipped from him , the guard lift his head up to see the man standing up so close to him, the man was covered with blood all over his body, scratches and stitches on his neck and he limped because one leg of his is shorter than the other, his right hand was cut off and he looked as if he rose from the dead ,he had some sort of a uniform on with a badge that said “Adrian” he finally took a deep breath and went into the morgue while the guard was still in shock.

Then the man with the uniform went into

the morgue wandering around silently , while the guard kept looking for him all over , but still could not find a trace of him , he finally found him , and got closer and closer to him wanting to ask him why was he there, the man with the uniform grabbed him suddenly and said “please let me take my body and go to the other side” The guard was so terrified but still wanted to help that poor man, he asked him his name “I don't remember” the man said, but since he had a badge on his uniform the guard decided to call him Adrian, they chatted for almost an hour, talking about the fact that the guard took the job because he was bored and why Adrian had so many bruises and scratches all over his body.

“I'm lost, I do not know where to go or what to do , I do not even remember why I'm here”, Adrian said , the guard asked him if he remembered the last thing he did.

“No”, Adrian said and so the guard stopped

asking him so many questions.

The guard told Adrian about how much he loved silence and darkness, he never really cared about the fact that he worked at a morgue, instead he thought it was so much fun and calm, “in fact I was involved with a hit and run accident last week and decided to let it go , that's how much of a careless person I am”, the guard said

Adrian looked so familiar to the guard and so he helped him look for his body all over the morgue, the guard heard a voice outside, so he took Adrian with him and checked what was going on, since there was nothing, they got in the car to get to the lighthouse to bring a couple of blankets to help Adrian get warmer, the guard started the car and drove off as fast as he could, little that he knew that the road was slippery and the lights were off, he could not see clear and his vision was blurry,

he soon hit a dear and threw him off the valley , and the car hit a tree.

Adrian woke up and tried to help the guard, but he soon started getting his memory back and saw glimpses, his eyes flashed before him and what he saw was the guard leaving him alone in the streets , “it was you who did this to me”? Said Adrian , he finally found his way out, he heard the guard begging for mercy , but Adrian was determined to push the car off the valley, and so he did, the last thing Adrian heard was the guard breathing heavily and the car blowing up in flames.

The Many Lives Of Nayri

Some of the myths that people believed in the ancient times, and still believe until today is the certainty of being reincarnated, that's what Nayri the bookshop owner believed until the moment he was sure of it was real. Let me tell you the story of Nayri who had brown curly hair, gray eyes and smooth skin, he was a handsome young man with a pale skin, let me tell you about Nayri and his four lives.

Nayri was fascinated with the idea of reincarnation, how is it done, whose lives does it affect, how to deal with it and in which life does a person finally cease to exist, he was very determined to read all the books that talked about this, he would highlight the parts he liked the most , and the parts he thoughts were amazing, the

parts he would find a bit strange , the parts he would come back to in an other time, and the parts that were fascinating and he wanted to read again.

Nayri had a best friend, who was a woman, he secretly admired her, but never was brave enough to tell her, she meant so much to him, she had short black hair and beautiful brown eyes that looked like coffee beans, her name was "Heela", he called her , the lady of the sea, because she always loved swimming in the currents of the ocean, Nayri and Heela both lived in that bookshop, it was their favorite place in the world.

He woke up early the next day, made himself a cup of coffee, and sat down on an old chair that was thrown away in the corner of his bookshop, his shop was still closed because it was almost four in the morning, he picked up the book he wanted

to read for a long time, but was caught up reading some other book, he smelled the pages, page by page and admired what the book smelled like, he thought it smelled like the sea waves on a cold rainy day, He really loves the smell of paper, and thought that each smell represent a certain calamity or a celebration, sometimes a victory or an encouragement, an encounter and even loss or gain. He started reading the first chapter that

morning, completely uncertain of what is going to happen next, he turned the page wanting to know more and more about each and every character, why and how and is it possible to be stuck in another life? He finished the chapter, as he was thinking about the life he must have had long time ago and what might he had been in a previous life, or maybe a next one, he was not sure, but still was so thrilled to finish that book, he was reading it so passionately,

word by word, page by page, chapter by chapter. He kept looking for more and more answers.

Days and days passed and he was still caught up in that book, that he would do anything he needed to do ahead of time so he'd have time to read, he kept dreaming about the book he was reading and the littlest detail would take him back in time or take him step ahead to the future, he felt the words and almost tasted them , they were so vivid and real, he finished the book, put it back to its place and went to sleep with hope of dreaming again of more about the things he wanted to happen so badly. The sound of the wind blowing, and the sound of the tweeting of the birds in the branches, feeling the love from their mother while she's feeding them and keeping them warm, the trees were tall and white, they were covered in snow, the bushes were too! Nayri tried to wake up

from that dream, but it was almost impossible, it felt like he was stuck there, he tried screaming, the birds flew away when he screamed, the branches are empty now, Nayri could not believe that it was not a dream , he was in some place on earth, some random place that felt somehow familiar, he tried finding his way out of the forest, kept walking for long distances, but still get back to the original spot he first saw, it was almost a maze, he was lonely and freaked out, it was already dark, pitch black, but he finally found a cave to take refuge in,Nayri was terrified, it was dark he could not see a thing, but still managed to walk and get to a safe spot away from all the horrific noises he kept hearing, he looked behind to make sure he was far enough, not seeing the little sticks that were thrown away in the ground and so he tripped, hit his head hard and passed out.

“Wake up! Hurry, he's coming, wake up”! a

man's voice said , “who are you, where I am, am I dead, Is this heaven”? Said Nayri with a shivering body and a terrified tone.'Wait how do you know my name, Who are you”? said Nayri , I am you! Said the man.

“I must be going crazy, I surely am still dreaming, okay I will have to kill myself to wake up now, they say you if you died in a dream you will definitely wake up” said Nayri , the man kept assuring him that it is going to be alright, he told him not to worry and to be perfectly sure that he is safe with him, Nayri was in shock , he didn't believe a thing the man said but still went with him, they reached an unknown place, it is a house and a hut, an island and a beach, a tree and a sky, it was so hard to figure out what kind of a place it was, Nayri was stunned. He asked about the man's name, and he said “Nayri”, he told him that he read a book that was magical, a book gives you a wide imagination and a real life

experience of the things he wants the most. “We've been here before, you and I, it's like Deja Vu, but don't worry I'll get you out of here, because of that book you will get to see all your pasts lives and clones” ,said the man. “Well, not exactly clones , but other versions of you that lived and until now live around the universe, I'm you from the ancient times”, said the man again with a sad look in his eyes, “I died because I fought for my freedom, I'll always die for my freedom, You will get to meet different people who might not look like you, but they sure are you, they will recognize you, don't worry Nayri”, said the man with so much power in his words, Nayri was too afraid to say a word, but he wanted to know more and wanted to see all his past lives, to experience the love he must had, the hope he was waiting for, the passion in the things he had done and all these various interesting and heroic deeds he must had

done , how many people he helped and how many more will he help too.

The man knew everything about the experiences Nayri will go through, because he has been through them all, the man held a telescope that lets you see through the future, -it gives you about thirteen minutes then goes blurry- the past and the present time, but only lets people see through it if they solved a riddle, the riddle was too easy, Nayri figured it out at once, he was finally ready to see what kind of person he has been throughout his past lives.

“You got three Nayri, three lives to see now, and you can see the future of the life you have now, are you ready Nayri”? Said the man with a passionate tone, yes I am ready, Nayri said and started getting real life short clips about one of his life, when he was a normal person, a person who served a king , a person who the king cherished the most, Nayri felt so great that he was once

someone's favorite, he wanted to see more, but it was soon getting blurry, so it moved to another life of his, this time he was a farmer, with lots of crops, he loved what he was doing, but it was not enough to sustain for his wife, his four sons , and his parents, he was still happy with, it would still make him happy, it went blurry again it is the last life he had to see, so he had to be careful and had to stay focused. A beautiful woman was running on the sands of the beach, he was running with her, holding hands together, kissing to the sound of the ocean, he tickled her and she smiled a bit , but then burst in laughter, she came close to him , kissed him and threw herself in his arms, he felt happy and his heart was at ease, she called out his name, but he would not hear her, she shouted and shouted, “Nayri, Nayri, Nayri, wake up up, Nayri, please wake up, the bookshop is still closed, we need to open back up, look how

many people are lining up, come on Nayri wake up”, Nayri opened his eyes and started rubbing them really hard, but it was Heela in front of him, the same beautiful woman who he was her lover in a previous life, Nayri came close to Heela, felt her breath against his skin, leaned on a kissed her, Heela was really shocked, but she kissed him back with the utmost love and passion, he told her how much he had always loved her, she said she felt the same way about him, they both held hands and opened up the bookshop, people started coming in and Nayri and Heela observed everyone in front of them while reading another book together.

Menaro, The Evil Spirit

Not so long ago, people lived underground in little towns and cities, they lived in a very developed community where they helped each other, and cared for one another, where they shared joy and sadness together, ate and drank and feasted, Lived, loved and held festivals happily together, even in the hardest times they would share pain and misery with each other , that is how simple and lively things were underground in a small town called Zarx.

The big wedding was set on Friday, all of the Zarxians were invited, no one was left out, the bride was to marry the love of her life after he was done serving in the army for four years, it's time for the big celebration now, life seems happier and a lot more hopeful, they all watched the bride

and groom kiss passionately with love
sparking in the air, it was what everyone
wanted to see except for that one lonely
miserable outcast who blamed everyone for
his own downfall, he called himself Menaro,
he was so proud to give himself this name
he thought that it will grant him what he
wishes for.

Menaro felt so lonely he wanted to be at
that wedding, but he did not go , he
thought he wasn't invited, but he was. The
bride and the groom kissed and now it's
time for the guests to dance, Menaro was
watching from far away, he took an oath to
himself that whenever he sees anyone
happy , he would make them sad, Menaro
asked help from god, "God, please help me
get rid of all those people, it's annoying
seeing them this happy" Said Menaro
hopeless, he kept praying and praying, until
an unknown figure appeared from behind
him, it came closer, Menaro was afraid and

thought it was God, but it was something else, it was a satanic entity that heard his prayers, “I can help you with your request, in fact I can grant you three wishes, but the first one must be murder, the second and third ones can be anything” the unknown figure said with a smirk.”It works” said Menaro while looking at the people dancing and listening to the music they played.

The smoke was every where, the smell of blood and smoke filled the place, the town was burnt to ashes, no soul was left breathing, no trees, no branches no bushes, everything went quite for a while, Menaro felt so pain in his chest destroying all these lives, but he wanted to be lonely, to feel powerful and to be a master even if it was master of nothing or no one, he just wanted to be a master. Now Zarx is a planet of spirits, all these people who lived in Zarx are now spirits, they hold grudges, and they

want to get a revenge, they all are evil now, Zarx is a place of evil spirits, and it's Menaro's fault.

Many years have passed, Menaro grew old and it was his time, it was time to say goodbye to this world he lived in all his life as a lonely and miserable creature, but at least he liked it, Menaro is now a grim reaper, grim reapers must have done the worst of the worst of sins in their lifetime to be grim reapers, his job was to take the lives of all the living, those who were sinners that would turn them into evil spirits whether they like it or not, if it's time then it's time, Menaro's memory has been erased, he can not remember what he went through, or the things he had done in his previous life, Zarx was the place that evil spirits are taken to now, it was decided long time ago.

Menaro had a mission, he was assigned to take the souls of four sinners to Zarx, these

people were given too many chances to repent, but they never took them, so it was time for them to live in Zarx. Menaro did all his missions and it was time for him to rest, he went to his house up in the hill where there were nothing but ashes, he looked in the mirror and saw the new wrinkles in his face, he had so many scars on his face, his eyes were lonely and beautiful, he had a wonderful smile, but how would he use it now when he works as a reaper? It was ironic that he looked so young and handsome with green gray eyes and black soft hair, but was never happy, because he knew he must have done something really bad, but he can not remember, he took a rest and slept for his next assignment.

His next soul was a female, someone too fragile and honest, too scared to live and too brave to die she killed herself, and people who kill themselves go straight to Zarx, she

was an unforgettable memory and a lost thought, she had one last chance to repent in front of the gods before moving to Zarx and before becoming an evil spirit that its only job is roaming around town, each god asked her the similar questions, she answered the same answers, it was done, she will be sent to Zarx eventually, Menaro felt bad for her and wanted to help her get out of Zarx, but he only was doing his job. Menaro wanted to grant her one last wish before she was meant to be sent to Zarx, he asked her about her name first, she said it was “Verrana”, he asked if she wanted one last thing before going up there, she said she wanted to see her cat, in a snap of a finger her cat was there, she said goodbye to her cat and thanked Menaro, it was time for her to go now, Menaro was so sad to see her off, but kept waving goodbye, she turned back one last time and then she was gone, Menaro felt like he needed to see

Verrana more, Menaro cannot visit Zarx because he was the one to curse him, he would lose his life if he did, he thought so much about it, he still is confused and conflicted, would he lose his life for Verrana?

A week passed already, Menaro didn't want to take more assignment, the more he refuses the more he might lose his soul, he finally decided to go see Verrana, he was so tired that day, he got up with a sour throat and a terrible headache from that unfinished beer from last night, he asked for permission to visit Zarx, he knew well he won't be let in, but still asked, he ran as fast as he could and reached the gates of Zarx, it has been more than a hundred years since he has been here, it was old and ashy, rusty and smells like blood, the first moment he saw Verrana running to him he felt something in his heart, so much pain and the headache has gotten worse now,

but he still went there to meet her, she came close to him and asked him what was the problem, “oh nothing, it's just it's been so long” said Menaro, “oh it has only been a week” she laughed and said he was dizzy and could not focus anymore, he fell in her lap while she was sitting on the ground and it all went back to him, his lost memory has now regained, he was the destroyer of Zarx, he made it a wreck, Verrana was so worried about him, she tried telling him that it all was a dream, but it was real.

Menaro felt terrible that he was a bad person, that he killed all these people with the help of satanic forces, he cried his eyes out and asked for forgiveness from all these souls he wasted, Verrana felt so bad for him, she took him in her arms and tried to console him, the evil spirits, the ones that were killed by him forgave him, but they said they will never forget, Menaro was catching his last breathes, all the evil spirits

were around him, he was in Verrana's arms the moment he died, he is an evil spirit now, but at least he is with Verrana, at least those spirits forgave him, Menaro and Verrana kept roaming around the empty and abandoned streets of Zarx waiting for the next evil spirit to come.

Galansia's and Tellan Journey

Galansia was a sixteen year old girl who loved the moon and her dog Kimo, she liked yellow and gold, she loved glittery things the most, Galansia enjoyed taking long walks at the beach at sunrise, she loved watching sunrise and she loved horses like she loved dogs, her and her dog Kimo would walk tirelessly towards the big city to find new friends and to adopt new dogs. Galansia was loyal and honest, she liked going so many fun places and stay up all night talking about the moon , the stars and the sun and manifest their beauties. Galansia was so beautiful , she had a dark skin and had big green eyes, she had freckles around her cheeks and two dimples

next to her lips from the right and the left sides, she had short black curly hair and a skin so soft, her lips were moist, her voice had a sad tone so sad that every time she speaks sweet tunes come right out of her mouth, she was so delicate and her face features were so fierce and sharp.

Galansia was smart and powerful, she had the ability to change people's minds and sometimes read them as well, she was well aware of the hardships people go through , all the sadness in their faces and the struggle they fight against, she dreamed of studying psychology, to help people seek better experiences and better lives.

One day at midnight she had a dream, she dreamed of an empty room in a big green field, the room was as big as a mansion it had six doors a twelve windows, the sun shined through the room in every angle, she looked through one of the windows and saw the green field outside, it was so bright and filled with life and so big and wide, she turned to the other window and saw an old man with a long white beard and a golden tonic or a dress of some sort, the man waved at her and she waved back, she looked at her hand and she was surprised that she was able to wave in a dream and to clearly see her face through the mirror, “have you come here to seek knowledge or to seek answers Galansia?” asked the old man. “Well, I’m here for both, can you grant me any of them?” “You must find the book underneath the rock on Feetige Island, you have three weeks until you find the book, be quick Galansia” the old man soon faded into the

mist and disappeared, Galansia woke up and saw the mist slowly fading out she held Kimo and went back to bed. She woke up the next morning with a strange energy, something so powerful and edgy, she started her journey towards Feetige Island, she knew nothing about this island, she only knew that she had a quest and a journey of seeking knowledge and answers of her dreams , she took the first bus to the public library to read and know more about Feetige Island, she asked the clerk about books that talked about islands and he showed her where to look, “are you looking for a specific island miss” asked the clerk, “ yes, I’m looking for Feetige Island”, “ Oh you too! , have you had that vision of the old man in the green field too”? “Yes I am, how did you know, oh so you had the vision, tell me more” “ well I don’t know much, I only know about Feetige Island and I also know that I have two weeks, I can find more about this and I will, would you like to

“come with me” asked the clerk “We can do that, yes. What is your name”? asked Galansia, “My name is Tellan”.

The next day Galansia woke up early and packed a small suitcase , took Kimo with her and went to the bus stop to wait for Tellan, while she was waiting she took a map out of her suitcase and started looking for Feetige Island in the map, she reached out to her pocket to find another book , it was mainly about Feetige Island and how to get there, the map she had was like a book she turned the second page to find an X sign on the island, the letters and numbers on the map started to move in a circle , all the letters and words of the map changed to one complete phrase that said “take the first bus and ask Tellan for directions to get to Feetige Island, it should be obvious since he’s guided by the spirit” Galansia felt the earth moving so fast , the ground was shaking underneath her feet, she put the guidebook back as she was trembling.

“how long have you been waiting for the bus” asked Tellan “well not so long” “ okay so, do we have a map? Galansia nodded and went on talking about her life to Tellan when he asked her about it.

Galansia told her life story to Tellan , she felt really safe around him and enjoyed talking to him, she said he was a tall handsome man, she said his skin was fair and his lips were pale his face was oval with a pair of beautiful black eyes, she enjoyed talking to someone at least, but he wasn’t just anyone.

Tellan took a shortcut to the seashore, he found a ship and asked Galansia to come sail with him to the other side of the shore, he asked Galansia to check the map to give directions, but it wasn't giving any instructions, he took the map , the words ran out of order and started forming new statements "move to the left side of the sea , keep going north and never look back" Tellan did as the map told him to and Galansia just watched the ship going with the wind. Next morning Galansia woke up while Tellan was still sailing the ship. "Good morning Galansia" "Good morning Tellan, are we there yet"? "no, we are almost there, go back to sleep It's still early" "I'm already up, care for a cup of coffee Tellan"? "sure, I would love that" "great". It was almost dusk, the sun was fading out from the sky, the ship was directed by the wind into a red coral cave. Galansia was holding the map when it suddenly started to fade away, the mist

covered the whole place and the old man appeared. “good job, you have reached the second level of the quest, you have one more week until you reach Feetige Island, your next mission is to collect all the crimson pearls that are held in a big fishnet and get them back underwater” said the old man. Galansia and Tellan beheld the big coral cave and were completely stunned by its wonderful beauty. “We should find a quick way to collect all these pearls Galansia, don’t you have any ideas”? asked Tellan, “well I think we should look for answers in the map, it’s magical, I don’t know if you could tell, but It is” “Oh well I know that of course, I’ll try looking for answers in the map, as he was checking the map, Galansia was looking for new ways to collect the pearls, she thought of screaming so a sound of echo might help the pearls fall off the wall to the ground and then get them into the fishnet at last “Tellan, I think this might work, let’s give it a shot”

said Galansia confidently . They both screamed their lungs out while waiting for a result , for something to happen.

Two days have passed, nothing happened, Galansia's plan didn't seem to be working, Tellan checked the map and the map said something "why don't you throw me at one of the pearls now"? Tellan threw the map at one of the pearls, and all the pearls fell into the other fishnet Tellan and Galansia prepared.

Three days left until they reach Feetige Island, they already got all the pearls out of the fishnet and threw it into the deep blue sea , the pearls were finally free and alive, Tellan and Galansia felt so good to free them. The old man appeared from the mist again, he congratulate Tellan and Galansia on their great work, it was time for a new mission now "you did a great job, thank you for trying and succeeding, your next mission is to save the dolphins in the marine, you have to dress as the guards there in the marine, if any one of you got caught, your journey is over, be careful".

Tellan and Galansia went to the marine dressed as guards, they managed to get in and find the place the dolphins were in, a guard saw them and asked for the reason they were there, he was suspicious , he called the other guards to come take a look at them, because obviously they were never seen before. “who are you? How did you get in here? Who let you in? Asked one of the guard. Tellan was going to answer them with a big lie, but he thought it won’t fly off with them, so he picked a couple of rocks from the ground and hit them with, Galansia picked a heavy book from her suitcase and hit the guard who was holding her on his head, they ran away and reached out to the door, it was locked, Galansia picked her hair clip and tried opening the door with it, it took a long time , but it finally opened.

Only twenty hours left til they reach the island, Tellan and Galansia managed to free the dolphins and that's when the old man appeared again from the mist and said a couple of words "you managed to get to the final level, you are now qualified to go to Feetige Island, only you have one more mission , you must find the man with the broken heart and heal his wounds, once you find him , you are immediately taken to Feetige Island to find what you wish, a hint: the man with broken heart is looking for something on an island as well" Three hours left and the man with the broken heart wasn't found yet, Tellan and Galansia kept looking and looking for this man, "Oh that must be it , we'll never find this man, this shall be our last chance" said Galansia, "we have to be patient Galansia, we still have time, remember? Said Tellan while was looking for another hint on the map, "he said the man with broken heart is also looking for

something, and as far as we know it's something we are looking for, could it be fate? Said Tellan. "well it might be but aren't everyone is looking for fate, the old man said that he is looking for a thing on an island, which might be a someone like us" said Galansia "how is his heart broken? Said Tellan again. Tellan was so confused and so was Galansia, Tellan asked for hints, more hints hints, the map said one thing and that was "you are" Tellan was in shock, how could he be the man with the broken heart, but it was him at the end.

Galancia was so surprised that Tellan was the man with broken heart, she asked him how could that be possible, he couldn't think of anything, but then remembered how his mom threw him into the streets when he was young, and how his life was almost hell, how he never trusted any woman when his mom did that to him and how all that affected his childhood. Tellan was in tears, he could not hold it back, Galansia told him that it was okay and everything would turn out just fine, the old man cleared all the mist in the horizon while he suddenly appeared, he once again congratulate Tellana and Galansia on their good job, they were finally sent to Feetige Island, they beheld the wonderful view of the rainbows and the waterfalls, all the tall trees and the white clouds embracing the sun, Tellan and Galansia held hands and looked at the mist while slowly disappearing, the Island was like paradise, everything they wish is in their

hands, and love was falling on the island like snow quietly and miraculously beautiful.

Unfamiliarity

Keeras was the owner of a farm in the south west of the countryside, he was hardworking and helpful, kind and caring, Keeras was always happy to be around the flowers and plants of the fields, the big green fields of the wonderful countryside, he was married with one kid, his name was Roy, and his wife was a beautiful young woman with a great heart, Keeras used to live in a small town with his family, he was a farmer who was working with his dad, he was in love with a girl when he was a teenager, they were completely and utterly in love, but unfortunately they were separated by their parents for not being suitable for each other, they wrote endless letters for each other when they stopped meeting, each and every letter was filled with so much love.

While Keeras was organizing his old books he found a pile of his old letters to Anita, the girl who he was in love with, he read a lot of these letters, from time to time, but he would still hide them in places no one could reach, he stopped at a certain letter he has never seen before, he opened the envelope and started reading the letter “Dear Keeras “don't you know she envies the sun for seeing your face everyday? does the sun even know how fortunate she is to be the one who gets to shine on your face, don't you know she envies the moon for lightening up your skin, does the moon even know how blessed he is to be the one who gets to watch you sleep? Don't you know she envies the flowing river for holding your body on its surface , does the river even know how holy it is to be the one who gets your blood running faster through your veins? Don't you know she envies the words that come out of his mouth when he sings and when he utters words, the

ones that make perfect sense and the ones that sound gibberish? Do these words know how valuable they are being uttered by someone like you? They must know, they must know and just like kites in the sky as free as the wind singing to the invisible moon and listening to the cries of the sky sounds completely unfamiliar and like millions of miles away on the other side of the world where the sun always shines brightly , kites float in the misty clouds of our spotless minds, moving happily in the colorful ways representing a feeling , a feeling rather unfamiliar that cannot be expressed fully but still warms and brightens you up. So unfamiliar his face was to her but she felt like she knew him all along, the way he danced in front of her like he got nothing to lose and the way he says certain words that make them beautifully different, or maybe the way he smiles and pretend to look up the sky like a mockingbird trying to find a

tree branch to build a nest on where it feels the safest, it must be the way he utters the simplest words and still make every heart melt, it was his unfamiliar handshake that made even the hardest of days feel so peaceful, and his unfamiliar walk that made you feel proud and safe being around him, she thought that she knew him all along and even if she did not have a chance to know him she will someday run into him and it will still feel the same, at least she thought it will, she kept thinking of every word he said the ones that were so poetic and those that were philosophical , she thought of the color he gets when he's happy and how colors represent feelings and how feelings are to some extent are so much more than just feelings, and the universe has so many interpretations, and life was more interesting and attentive than we thought it would be, like the colors of the rainbow he was, when you look at him you can't take your eyes off

and when you stare you travel to another dimension that feels satisfying and glowing, like kites in the sky he was so colorful and every color is more attractive than the other, so unfamiliar and full of life” Keeras was devastated and completely broken, his son Roy came to him and asked what was wrong. “I am okay son, it’s just some old memories”.

A collection of
short stories that
spot a light on
a glimmer of hope
in a dark road.



Haneen Rezq an author from syria, wrote different short stories about love, hope and life chances, some stories were about mystery and darkness, wrote some poems about love and misery too.